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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1833, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-sixth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large, full weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading. It is owned, local and general news well served, minor items, and good advice for all household dependents. Including so many households in this and other states the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies 5 cents. Extra copies can be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Andrew B. Melk, President; Daniel J. Condon, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

GENERAL THOMAS GAGE, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays. Constance Charles Boldt, Adjutant; Marshall W. Hall, 2d Vice.

NEWPORT LIONS, No. 11, X. of P. Sir George H. Harvey, Chancellor Commander; Robert E. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3d Fridays.

DAVIS LIONS, No. 8, U. S. R. of P. Sir Knight Captain F. A. O. Stuart, J. N. Schwartz, Recorder. Meets 1st Friday.

NEWPORT LIONS, No. 29, Independent Organization of Benjamin Louis Lank, President; John W. Kravitz, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

J. J. JESSESON LIONS, President; Joe Daniels; Treasurer; Daniel Rose; Meets 1st and 3d Sundays.

Local Matters.

Motor Chemical Tested.

Newport's first automobile chemical fire engine has arrived at last and is ready for service as a part of the Newport Fire Department. It has been a long time since the order was placed but those who have had an opportunity to look the apparatus over think that it will fill the bill pretty well.

The Robinson chemical engine arrived in a freight car on Monday and early Tuesday morning a representative of the company was on hand to inspect it. It was then driven to fire headquarters under its own power and its various attachments which had been taken down for convenience in shipping were put into place.

Under the skillful hand of the company's representative the new machine was then taken out for a little tuning up. The run to the corner of Broadway and Rhine road which is a bear-tracker for horse-drawn apparatus, was accomplished in no time and then the course was down the hill to the bridge. An attempt was made to put the machine up (Miautoum) hill but when part way up it came to a sudden stop, owing to the fact that the gasoline tank was not full enough to feed the carburetor on the steep incline. There was no entanglement of the ability of the engine though. The next day it was decided to change the location of the gasoline tank a trifle so as to bring it into position for constant feed, no matter how steep a grade might be encountered.

After the adjustment of the gasoline tank, the engine seemed to run finely. Mayor MacLeod and the board of aldermen were taken out for the official trial Thursday afternoon and everything worked well. The machine was sent up Miantonomi avenue from the foot of the hill and made the climb without a hitch even though it was carrying thirteen men in addition to full equipment. After a run around the Ocean Drive and through all parts of the city there was a test of the chemical pressure tanks on Marlborough street. After a little adjustment everything was found to work well.

The Navy Circus.

The Navy circus at the Training Station on Thursday evening for the benefit of the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. was a complete success and netted a considerable sum. It was an ideal sight and the scene was a beautiful one, the lawns and buildings at the Station being illuminated with electric lights in a variety of patterns while a full moon looked down upon the whole. There was an immense attendance, the summit tickets being present in large numbers in their autos, while the Point line of the Newport & Providence Railways did a big business.

The show was a most creditable one. The first number was a parade and drill of the regiments of apprentices, and this was followed by the circus parade, in which many novel features were introduced. Following the parade there were many performances of different kinds given, all of which elicited much applause.

Mr. William F. Marshall of Washington is spending a couple of weeks with his mother, Mrs. Frank Marshall, in this city.

Double Tracks Wanted.

Considerable tumult has been caused among property owners along Spring and John streets by the appearance of a number of surveyors who are said to be looking into the feasibility of a double tracking of the street railway along those streets. Those who have followed the workings of the surveyors seem to think that the railroad would like to double track the rest of Bath road to Bellevue avenue, then take John street to Spring and double track Spring street from Levin street to Broadway, where connection would be made with the existing double-track. That this plan is arousing much antagonism goes without saying. Residents of John street are bitterly opposed to it, while abutters on Spring street are also bitter even though they feel that conditions on that street could hardly be much worse than they now are.

The project is hardly likely to be a popular one, among citizens generally. The use of the double tracks on Bath road, which were granted to the company for the sake of better binding of the crowds to the Beach, has not been marked by sufficient intelligence to encourage further gifts of this kind to the company.

It is acknowledged everywhere that better facilities for reaching the Beach are imperatively needed before another season, and many are hoping that the other line, the Newport & Providence Railways, will develop a route to the Beach through the northern section of the city. There is no question but that this can be done and the travel handled over that route with less disturbance to other traffic than through the narrow and congested streets over the Bellevue avenue bill. This plan would be popular where the other would be very unpopular.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Tuesday evening, there being considerable important business for consideration. Weekly bills and payrolls were approved and several minor licenses were granted. There were two bids for repairs to the Van Zandt avenue bridge, and a committee was appointed to look into the matter before the contract was awarded.

The board took up the matter of accepting the Robinson fire apparatus. It appeared that the machine was not quite complete according to the specifications, some parts having been ordered by telegraph and being expected in a few days. Dual wheels are to be used on the machine, and there is a searchlight and electric exploring light still due. The board thought it advisable to wait until these parts came before accepting the machine. A communication was also received from the Robinson Company regretting the delay in shipment and offering to give bond for delivery in case they receive the contract for the other chemical engine. Later several ballots were taken on the matter of awarding the contract for the other engine. The deadlock still continued, three voting for the Pope Hartford machine and three for the Robinson. The Robinson did not figure at all in the returns.

The matter of street car service was again brought up. The conditions on Franklin street where the company keeps its cars waiting were condemned and a committee was appointed to further look into the matter. It seemed to the board that the company could hold its cars on Commercial wharf for a small payment. After a run around the Ocean Drive and through all parts of the city there was a test of the chemical pressure tanks on Marlborough street. After a little adjustment everything was found to work well.

Two Sailors Drowned.

Thomas Sharpe and P. J. Flanagan, seamen at the Torpedo Station, were drowned in the harbor at an early hour Tuesday morning and two other men had a narrow escape from a similar end. The exact cause of the fatality has not been determined. Four men from the Torpedo Station were in a row-boat apparently crossing to Newport, when in some way the boat was upset. The men called for help and their cries were heard aboard the destroyer Perkins, at the Torpedo Station wharf. A boat was hurriedly sent to the rescue and two of the men were pulled from the water but the other two were nowhere to be found and were finally given up for lost. The two men that were rescued were in bad condition and one of them had to be taken to the Hospital for treatment.

The Board of Trade held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday evening, when the business transacted had to do mostly with mail and telephone service. The committee on mail accommodations was continued for a time, to see if they could devise some means to secure earlier morning mail. A formal protest in regard to a phase of the telephone service was made by the board. Two members were elected, and a change was made in the date and place of meeting.

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A Showery Sunday.

Last Sunday was the most oppressive day that Newport has known for a long time. The temperature was high, although not abnormally so, and it was the humidity that caused the real suffering. Even after the electrical storm had passed over the city, there was no let-up in the uncomfortable feeling, but during the night, the temperature dropped suddenly and for the rest of the week it has been really cool.

The oppressive weather made it a great day for bathing at the Beach. Long before most people are up on a Sunday morning all the bathers accommodations at the Beach were taxed and it was not long before a line had to be formed in order to get bathing suit and house. The water and sands were covered with people all day, and all the attractions along the board walk did a big business. The cars and boats brought in big crowds of people all day long, and the presence of the ship helped to add to the crowds at all the places of interest.

There was some fun when the first shower broke in the afternoon. Thousands of people were out trying to get a breath of fresh air, and although there had been shower clouds hanging around the horizon for some hours there appeared to be no immediate danger of rain in Newport. Suddenly the heavens opened and the downpour began. There was a rush for shelter everywhere, but many people were unable to get under cover before they were drenched to the skin. It did not rain very long, but while it did there was a large amount of water in the air.

There was a sudden encampment at the Beach when the rain began, although those who were wise enough to simply get inside the buildings fared the best. Street cars and omnibuses were crowded in their limit everywhere.

The scene at the foot of Bull street was an animated one, the city cars coming along and dumping their passengers for the Fall River cars onto the open sidewalk. There was a lively rush for the suburban cars as they came in, and some passengers had to take the children everywhere he went, being devoted to them. He was about 37 years of age and owned a prosperous cobbler's shop opposite the Perry Mill building.

After the first shower the sun came out brightly and it really seemed to be better than ever. The ground sent up clouds of steam from the sudden moisture on the hot ground. Later on there were other showers and in the aggregate there was a considerable amount of rainfall, but the ground was hard and dry that most of the water ran off without striking it.

Jameson had a kind of free show last Saturday afternoon, when Auctioneer Fred W. Greene of Newport sold off a large tract of land in small lots, aided by a brass band. It had been advertised that 1000 free tickets would be given away for the trip to Jamestown by ferry, but at the appointed hour there were only about 200 passengers all told. The Military band accompanied the crowd, and helped to draw a crowd on the Jamestown side as well. All the lots were sold, many of them being bought in by a relative of the auctioneer. As a rule the prices seemed rather low.

These are rather strenuous days for the police and the treasury of the court has been depleted very materially by fines paid for various minor offenses. A sailor had a dispute in a Long wharf restaurant and encountered the business end of a shovel, for which the clerk paid \$22.00. A sailor for whom the police have been looking for some time for participation in a "break," and also the driving away of a horse, has been apprehended and is now held with his companions to await action of the grand jury. There have been many minor offenses.

The body of Edwin Scoborn, of Quincy, Mass., who was drowned in the Bay on July 30, was found off the Bradford cooling station on Monday. The remains were turned over to an undertaker and were shipped to Quincy for interment. Scoborn fell overboard from the steamer Warwick, which was bringing a special excursion to this city.

Officer Fredrick S. Coggeshall is back on duty after having been on the night force since last spring. He has his old post at the corner of Thames street and Long wharf and handles the traffic at that congested corner in excellent fashion. His last night on the night force was celebrated by plunging overboard at Long wharf to rescue a man who had fallen into the water.

Res. Adm. S. S. Case, U. S. N., who died in Virginia on Thursday, was a native of Rhode Island, and was well known to Newport. He was placed on the retired list a number of years ago and had since resided in Washington.

The last few weeks have seen large crowds of strangers at the Beach, there being many excursions to town by special boats.

Mr. John Anderson of Boston is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Elmer E. Gilford at their home on Maitland street.

Mr. John Nelson has purchased the Weiner estate at the corner of Thames and Mary streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius W. R. Callahan have returned from their wedding trip.

Drowned at Jamestown.

There was a sad accident to a party from Newport at Jamestown last Sunday. Felix Moroni, a boy drowned while his children and friends looked on powerless to help him. The fatality came at the end of an unusually pleasant day's outing.

A party of about fifty went from Newport to the Cottrell farm, near Macheber cove to spend the day. Felix Moroni took a few of them down in his small power boat and the rest went by the ferry. When it came time to return, most of them prepared to the ferry, while Moroni took his four children and a number of friends in his power boat. The loading of the passengers into the boat from the shore had to be done by means of a skiff. Several trips had been made, and the last of the passengers were loaded into the skiff for the last trip. In some way the skiff overturned when part way out to the power boat and its occupants were thrown into the water. Those in the power boat were not familiar with the engine, and were unable to start it, so could only yell for help. Two men from Jamestown finally came to the aid of the party and secured a boat rescued one man, but Moroni could not be found. After a fruitless search he was given up for lost and the party was sent back to Newport by the ferry boat.

Moroni leaves four children, the youngest being only two years of age and the oldest 11. His wife died a few months ago, and since then he has taken the children everywhere he went, being devoted to them. He was about 37 years of age and owned a prosperous cobbler's shop opposite the Perry Mill building.

He was a particularly of the happy relationships that have been established during these years of associated effort and it is only, because of an opportunity involving a great responsibility and I believe with Divine approval, that I feel justified in asking you to pass on to another the duties and the privileges of this office.

"According to our contract my resignation will take effect in two months, but if by mutual agreement I may be released from duty at an earlier date I shall appreciate the opportunity.

"Trusting that the service which I have rendered may stand the test of time and hoping that the members and the friends of the past few years may become a permanent source of satisfaction and enrichment to all our lives, I wish to remain as ever.

A. WILFRED H. CHAPIN."

The Shiloh Baptist Church is making a big effort to pay off its indebtedness. It is a worthy cause and those who have means should aid it. Rev. Mr. Jeter, the pastor, has labored with this church for nearly forty years and has done a vast amount of good. He has increased its membership and enlarged the usefulness of the people many fold. We hope he will accomplish the object so near to the heart of seeing the shiloh free of debt.

The Civic League house in the new Aquidneck Park was the scene of its first lecture on Saturday afternoon, when Dr. William Burdick of Baltimore delivered an interesting address on "Playgrounds and Playfields." As Dr. Burdick is a Newport boy and well acquainted with local conditions, his suggestions were of more practical value than they would have been if coming from an utter stranger. The speaker laid much stress upon the necessity for adequate supervision for the full value to be obtained from the municipal playground, and he thought that Newport is not deriving all the benefit she ought from the two large playgrounds on account of lack of proper supervision. At the conclusion of his address Dr. Burdick replied to a number of questions asked by the audience.

Mr. Daniel J. Coughlin, who has been secretary of the Newport Horticultural Society for a number of years, was the recipient of a handsome gold watch at the regular meeting of the Society on Tuesday evening. Mr. Coughlin is about to leave Newport, having resigned his position as head gardener at the E. Rollins Moore estate and will go to Long Island to fill a similar position on a big estate. The speaker laid much stress upon the necessity for adequate supervision for the full value to be obtained from the playgrounds, and he thought that Newport is not deriving all the benefit she ought from the two large playgrounds on account of lack of proper supervision.

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The Newport Ice Company does not seem to be very seriously the competition in local circles for it is still accumulating the property of the defunct Arctic Ice Company. This week the stable property on Presbury street, the land where the ice house stood at Green End road, and all the personal property of the Arctic Company has been turned over to the Newport Ice Company by deed.

Eliza Burke, a Fort Adams soldier, was tried in the District Court this week on a charge of assault with a knife. The testimony showed that he had been followed down Thames street by a number of boys who finally set upon him. Judge Franklin found that he used the knife in self-defense and discharged him.

The National Lawn Tennis Tournament will open at the Newport Casino next Monday and from present indications it will be of as much interest as any of its predecessors. The Boxed and Grandstand tests have found a ready sale and if the weather is favorable there will be a large attendance.

Friday was the Feast of the Assumption, a great day in the Roman Catholic Church. There were many Masses at all the recognized places, and also at many places where the general public gathered. The weather was favorable.

The body of Moroni was found floating in the water off the Jamestown shore on Thursday by a party of friends who had instituted a search for it. The remains were badly disfigured and identification was made by means of articles found in the pocket.

Colonel Edward A. Sherman has purchased the Clark Burdick property on Presbury street and will make his home there after his marriage in October.

Miss Esther Cleveland, a daughter of the late President Garfield Cleveland, has been visiting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledgard.

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Mr. John Nelson has purchased the Weiner estate at the corner of Thames and Mary streets.

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Mr. Vincent Astor's new hydroplane has arrived and will soon be seen in the harbor. It is a beauty and it is said to price at \$10,000.

Secretary Chapin Resigns.

Mr. Wilfred H. Chapin has tendered his resignation as general secretary of the Newport Y. M. C. A. in order to accept a similar office in the New Bedford Association, a vacancy having existed there for some months. The resignation has been accepted by the board of directors of the local association and a committee has been appointed to draw up resolutions of regret at his departure. The executive committee will at once look around for a suitable successor for Mr. Chapin.

Mr. Chapin has been in Newport since November, 1909, and his administration has been marked by many accomplishments. He helped to design the new building which was given by Alfred G. Vanderbilt, and had full charge of its use after it was completed.

He has worked hard for the advancement of the local organization and has seen it develop wonderfully. He has also been active in the moral and Moral Improvement of the people of the city as a whole, and has been an active worker in the United Cong

DANNY'S OWN STORY

By DON MARQUIS

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CHAPTER XXI.

Pickle Martha.

FOR my part, as the train kept getting further and further north, my feelings kept getting more and more mixed. It came to me that I might be steering straight for a bunch of trouble. It was Martha that does it. All this past and gone love story I had been hearing about surrounded me of Martha. And I was steering straight toward her and no way out of it. How did I know but what that there girl might be expecting me to marry me or something like that? Not but what I was awful in love with her whilst we were together, but it hadn't really set in on me very deep. I hadn't forgot about her right away. But pretty soon I had got to, forgetting her oftener than I remembered her. And now it wasn't no use talking. I just wasn't in love with Martha no more and didn't have no ambition to be.

But I was, considerable worried about Martha. She was an awful round-faced kind of girl. I couldn't shut my eyes to the fact we was engaged to each other legal, all right. And if she wanted to act mean about it and take it to a court it would likely be bludgin' on me. Then I says to myself If she is mean enough to do that I'll be derned if I don't go to jail before I marry her and stay there.

And then my conscience got to working inside of me again. It wasn't but what I liked Martha well enough. It was the idea of getting married and staying married made me feel anxious. Being married may work out all right for some folks. But I knew it never would work out with me. Or not for long. Because why should I want to be tied down to one place or have a steady job? That would be a mean way to live.

Of course, with a person that was the doctor's age it would be different. He had done his running around and would be willing to settle down now. I guessed, and leave off being just a travelling fakir.

Well, I thinks to myself now that he has got to be that mebby her and him won't suit so well now, even if they does get their differences patched up. For all the forgiving in the world ain't going to change things or make them no different. But so long as the doctor appeared to want to find her so derned bad I was awful glad I had been the means of getting him and Miss Lucy together.

We had to change cars at Indianapolis to get to that there little town. We was due to reach it about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. And the nearer we got to the place the nervous and nervous for all three of us become and not owning we was.

"Now," I says to them two as we got off the train, "toller me and I will show you the house."

Well, it has always been my luck to run into things without the right kind of a fix up ahead of time. They was three or four pretty good stories I had been trying over in my head, to tell Martha when I seen her. Any one of them stories might of done all right, but I hadn't decided which one to use, and, of course, I run plumb into Martha. She was standing by the gate, which was about twenty yards from the veranda.

I just says to her:

"Hello!"

Martha, she is surprised to see me and she looks scared too.

"Is Miss Buckner at home?" asks Colonel Tom, lifting his hat very politely.

"Miss B-B-Buckner!" Martha stutters, very scared-like and not taking her eyes off of me to answer him.

"Miss Hampton, Martha," I says.

"Y-y-y-es, a-she-she is," says Martha. I wonder what was the matter with her.

It is always my luck to get left all alone with my troubles. The doctor and the colonel they walked right past us when she said yes and up toward the house and left her and me standing there. When I next looked up they was all in the bushes.

"Martha"— I begins. But she breaks in.

"Danny," she says, looking like she is going to cry, "don't look at me like that. If you knew all you wouldn't blame me. You—"

"Wouldn't blame you for what?" I asks her.

"I know it's wrong of me," she says, begging-like.

"Mebbe it is and mebby it ain't," I says. "But what is it?"

"But you never wrote to me," she says.

"You never wrote to me," I says, not wanting her to get the best of me, whatever it was she might be talking about.

"And then he came to town"—

"Who?" I asks her.

"Don't you know?" she says. "The man I am going to marry."

When she said that I felt all of a sudden like when you are broke and hungry and run across a half dollar you had forgot about in your coat pocket. I was so glad I jumped.

"Great guss!" I says.

I had never really known what he was glad was before.

"Oh, Danny, Danny," she says, putting her hands in front of her face. "And then you have come to claim me for your bride?"

minor time. There is a register right through the door of the spare bedroom and the ceiling of the sitting room. Not the kind of a register that comes from a twisted around staff in a house that uses furnace heat, but just really a hole in the floor, with a cast iron grating, to let the heat from the room below into the one above. She says she guesses two people that wasn't so very honorable might sneak into the house; the back way and up the back stairs and into the spare bedroom and lay down on their stomachs on the door, being careful to make no noise, and both see and hear through that register. Which we done it.

I could hear well enough, but at first I couldn't see any of them. But I gathered that Miss Lucy was standing up whilst she was talking and moving around a bit now and then.

"Prentiss McMakin came to me that day," she was saying, "with an appeal—I hardly know how to tell you." She broke off.

"Go ahead, Lucy," says Colonel Tom's voice.

"He was insulting," she said. "He had been drinking. He wanted me to—to be appealed to me to rub off with him."

"I was furious—naturally." Her voice changed as she said it enough so you could feel how furious Miss Lucy could get. "She was like her brother Tom in some ways."

"I ordered him out of the house. His answer to that was an offer to marry me. You can imagine that I was surprised as well as angry—I was perplexed."

"But I am married!" I cried. "The idea that any of my own people, or any one whom I had known at home would think I wasn't married was too much for me to take in all at once."

"You think you are," said Prentiss McMakin with a smile. "But you are not."

"I wish you to understand that Prentiss McMakin did it all very, very well. That is my excuse. He acted well. There was something about him—I scarcely know how to put it. It sounds odd, but the truth is that Prentiss McMakin was always a more confusing sort of a person when he had been drinking a little than when he was sober."

"He told me that you and he, Tom, had been to Clarksville and had made investigations and that the wedding was a fraud. And he told it with a wealth of convincing detail. In the midst of it he broke off to ask to see my wedding certificate. As he talked he laughed at it and tore it up, saying that the thing was not worth the paper it was on, and he threw the pieces of paper into the grate."

"He ended with an impassioned appeal to me to go with him."

"I showed him the door. I pretended to the last that I thought he was lying to me. But I did not think so. I believed him. He had done it all very cleverly. You can understand how I might, in view of what had happened."

I wanted to see Miss Lucy—how she looked when she said different things, so I could make up my mind whether she was forgiving the doctor, or not, not that I had much doubt but what that I had, much doubt but what they would get their personal troubles fixed up in the end. The iron grating in the floor was held down by four good steel screws, one at each corner.

They wasn't no filling at all between it and the iron grating that was in the ceiling of the room below. The space was hollow. I got an idea and took out my jackknife.

"What are you going to do?" whips pers Martha.

"Ssh-sh," I says; "shut up and you'll see!"

One of the screws was loose, and I poked her out easy enough. The second one I broke the point off of my knife blade on. Like you nearly always do on a screw. When it snapped Colonel Tom he says:

"What's that?" He was powerful quick of hearing. Colonel Tom was laid low till they went off talking again. Then Martha slides out on tiptoe and comes back in three seconds with one of these here little screwdrivers they use around sewing machines and the little oil can that goes with it. I oils them screws and has them out in a holy minute and lifts the grating from the floor careful and lays it careful on the rug.

By doing all of which I could get my head and shoulders down into that there hole, and by twisting my neck a good deal see a little ways to each side into the room instead of just underneath the grating. The doctor I couldn't see yet and only a little of Colonel Tom, but Miss Lucy quite plain.

When I listen again they are burring that there Prentiss McMakin. But without any flowers.

CHAPTER XXII.

My Own Folks.

MISS LUCY she was half settling on, half leaning against, the arm of a chair. Which her head was just a bit bowed down so that I couldn't see her eyes. But they was the beginnings of a smile on her face. It was both soft and sad.

"Well," says Colonel Tom, "you two have wasted almost twenty years of life."

"There is one good thing," says the doctor. "It is a good thing that there was no child to suffer by our mistakes."

"You call that a good thing?" she says in a kind of wonder. And after a minute she sighs. "Perhaps," she says, "you are right. Heaven only knows. Perhaps it was better that he died."

"Died!" sings out the doctor. And I heard his chair scrape back like he had run to his feet sudden. I nearly busted my neck trying fur to see him, but I couldn't.

"Yes," she says, with her eyes wide, "didn't you know he died?" And then she turns quick toward Colonel Tom. "Didn't you tell him?"—she begins. But the doctor cuts in.

"Lucy," he says, his voice shaking in his throat, "I never knew there was a child!"

No one says anything for a minute. And then Miss Lucy says again:

"Yes—he died."

And then she fell into a kind of a muse. I have been myself in the fix she looked to be in then—you forget for a while where you are or who is there, whilst you think about something that has been in the back part of your mind for a long, long time.

What she was musing about was that child that hadn't lived. I knewed all in a dash, while I looked at her there, why she had adopted Biriba for her child.

It was a wonderful look that was onto her face. And it was a wonderful face that look was on to. I felt like I had known her forever when I seen her then.

Miss Lucy, she was one of the kind that was no use trying to describe. The seller that could see her that-a-way and not feel made good by it or have a whining. Not the kind of sickly, good, feeling that makes you uncomfortable, like being pestered by your conscience to fine a church or quit cursing. But the kind of good that makes you forget they is anything on earth but just braveness of heart and being willing to bear things you can't help.

Colonel Tom, he clears his throat like when you are awful dry.

"The truth is—" he begins. And then he breaks off again. Miss Lucy turns toward him when he speaks. By the strange look that come on to her face there must of been something right curious in his manner too.

"The truth is," says Colonel Tom, trying it again, "that I—well, Lucy, the child may be dead, but he didn't die when you thought he did."

There was a dash of hope flared into her face that I hated to see come there. Because when it died out in a minute, as I expected it would have to, it looked to me like it might take all her life out with it.

"Why did you never tell me this—that there was a child?" says the doctor, very eager.

"Wait," says Colonel Tom, "let me tell the story in my own way."

While he done it, it seems when he went to Galesburg this here child had only been born a few days. And Miss Lucy was still sick. And the kid itself was sick and liable to die any minute, by the looks of things.

Which Colonel Tom wishes that it would die in his heart. He sure hates the idea of it and he hates the sight of it. The second night he is there he is setting in his sister's room, and the woman that has been nursing the kid and Miss Lucy, too, is in the next room with the kid.

She comes to the door and beckons to him, the nurse does. He tiptoes toward her, and she says to him, very low voice, that "It is all over," meaning the kid has quit struggling for life and just helplessly floated away. The nurse had thought Miss Lucy was asleep, but as he bolted and Colonel Tom turn quick toward her bed they see that she has heard and seen, and she turns her face toward the wall. Which he tries fur to comfort her, Colonel Tom does, but she stares in a wretched way at him and lays there, and looks desperate and says nothing.

In his heart Colonel Tom is awful glad that it is dead. He can't help feeling that way, and he quits trying to talk to his sister, fur he suspicious that she will ketched onto the fact that he is glad that it is dead. He goes on into the next room.

He finds the nurse looking awful funny and bending over the dead kid. She is putting a looking glass to its lips. He asks her why.

She says she thought she might be mistaken after all. She couldn't say just when it died. It was alive and feeble, and then pretty soon it showed no signs of life. It was like it hadn't had enough strength to stay and had just went. It didn't show any pulse, and she had watched it and done everything before she beckoned to Colonel Tom and told him that it was dead, but as she come back into the room where it was she thought she noticed something that was too light to be called a real flutter move its eyelids.

Colonel Tom he just stands there and watches that nurse fight fur to hold onto the little mist of life she thinks now is still into it. Finally the nurse begins fur to cry. Not because she is sure it is dead, but because she is sure it is coming back. Which it does, slow.

"But I have told her that it is dead," says Colonel Tom, jerking his head toward the other room where Miss Lucy is lying. He speaks in a low voice and closes the door when he speaks. Fur he looks now like it was getting strong enough so it might even squall a little.

"I don't know what kind of a look there was on my face," says Colonel Tom, telling of the story to his sister and the doctor, "but she must have seen that I was—and heaven help me, but I was—sorry that the baby was alive. It would have been such an easy way out of it had it been really dead!"

"She mustn't know that it is living," I said to the nurse finally, "says Colonel Tom.

"You don't mean—" said the nurse, started.

"No, no," I said. "Of course—not that. But—why should she ever know that it didn't die?"

"Don't you want her to know?" asked the nurse.

"No," I said. "The long and short of it was, Colonel Tom went on to tell, that the nurse went out and got her mother. Which the two of them lived alone only around the corner, and give the child into the keeping of her mother, who took it away then and there.

The nurse's mother kept it all that week, and it thrived. Colonel Tom was coaxing his sister to go back to Tennessee. But she wouldn't go. So he had made up his mind to go back and get his Aunt Lucy Davis to come and help him care for it. He was only waiting for his sister to get well enough so he could leave her.

"Lucy," he says, his voice shaking in his throat, "I never knew there was a child!"

No one says anything for a minute. And then Miss Lucy says again:

"Lucy Davis to take the baby himself and put it into some kind of an institution."

"I thought," he says to Miss Lucy, telling of the story, "that you yourself were almost reconciled to the thought that it hadn't lived."

Miss Lucy interrupted him with a little sound. She was breathing hard and shaking from head to foot. No one would have thought to look at her then she was reconciled to the idea that it hadn't lived.

"But when I got ready to leave Galesburg," Colonel Tom goes on, "it suddenly occurred to me that there would be difficulties in the way of putting it in a home of any sort. I didn't know what to do with it."

"What did you? What did you? What did you?" cries out Miss Lucy.

"The first thing I did," says Colonel Tom, "was to get you to another house—you remember, Lucy?"

"Yes, yes!" she says, excited. "And what then?"

"After I had seen you installed in the new place and had bidden you goodby I got a carriage and drove by the place where the nurse and her mother lived. I told the woman that I had changed my mind; that you were going to raise the baby; that I was going to permit it. I don't think she quite believed me, but she gave me the baby. What else could she do? Besides, I had paid her well when I discharged her, to say nothing to you."

Colonel Tom, he clears his throat like when you are awful dry.

"The truth is—" he begins. And then he breaks off again. Miss Lucy turns toward him when he speaks. By the strange look that come on to her face there must of been something right curious in his manner too.

"After I had seen you installed in the new place and had bidden you goodby I got a carriage and drove by the place where the nurse and her mother lived. I told the woman that I had changed my mind; that you were going to raise the baby; that I was going to permit it. I don't think she quite believed me, but she gave me the baby. What else could she do? Besides, I had paid her well when I discharged her, to say nothing to you."

"The truth is," says Colonel Tom, trying it again, "that I—well, Lucy, the child may be dead, but he didn't die when you thought he did."

There was a dash of hope flared into her face that I hated to see come there. Because when it died out in a minute, as I expected it would have to, it looked to me like

JAS. H. MONTGOMERY, M.D.

RECOMMENDS DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.

In a recent issue of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene, Dr. Kennedy's authority on all matters pertaining to health, James H. Montgomery, M.D., says editorially:

"After a careful investigation of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, a specific for kidney, liver and bladder troubles, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation with its attendant ills, we are free to confess that a more meritorious medicine has never come under the examination of the chemical and medical experts of the New York Magazine of Sanitation and Hygiene. In fact, after the most searching tests and rigid inquiry into the record of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, it becomes a duty to recommend its use in unequivocal terms to every reader of this journal whose complaint comes within the list of ailments which this remedy is advertised to cure. We have obtained such overwhelming proof of the efficacy of this specific—have so satisfactorily demonstrated its curative powers through personal experiments—that a care for the interest of our readers leads us to call attention to its great value."

James H. MONTGOMERY, M.D.

Druggists sell it in New 50 Cent Size

and the regular \$1.00 size bottles.

Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Ronkonkoma, N.Y.

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Colds, Coughs, Consumption, etc., 50c, 100.

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FALL RIVER LINE

STEAMERS

COMMONWEALTH and PRISCILLA

Lv. Long wharf, Newport, daily, except

Monday at 9:30 P.M., Sunday 10:00 P.M.

Lv. New York 7:00 A.M., Orchestra

on each.

WICKFORD LINE

STEAMER GENERAL

Lv. NEWPORT LONG WHARF

(WEEK Days Only)

Lv. 10a. Lv. 10a. Lv. 10a.

Newport, New York, New York, Newport (Long wharf) (G. O. Ter.) (L. O. Ter.)

7:10 a.m. 4:00 p.m. 12:00 a.m. 7:05 a.m. 1:15

12:00 p.m. 7:00 a.m. 4:45 p.m. 10:00 a.m. 8:55 p.m. 1:15

4:45 p.m. 11:00 a.m. 10:00 a.m. 6:45 p.m. 1:15

7:15 p.m. 2:15 a.m. 1:00 a.m. 6:30 p.m. 10:35

x Hartlib, Ste., N. Y. C.

(SUNDAYS ONLY)

12:00 noon 7:00 p.m. 10:30

Tickets, etc. at City Ticket Office, 320

Thames St., at Wharf Office.

C. C. GARNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.

WICKFORD LINE

STEAMER GENERAL

Time表 showing local and through

trains between all stations may be obtained at ticket offices of this company.

Timetable in Effect March 2, 1908.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Providence and

Boston next day, 7:00 a.m. 11:00 a.m.

Lv. 8:05 A.M. 9:15 A.M. 10:15 A.M. 11:00 A.M.

Leaves Newport 7:00, 8:15, 11:00 A.M., 8:05, 8:45,

11:15 A.M., 12:00, 1:15, 2:15, 3:15, 4:15

12:00 P.M., 1:15, 2:15, 3:15, 4:15

Established by Franklin in 1765.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 131
Home Telephone 1659

Saturday, August 16, 1913.

The United States sends back fifteen thousand undesirable immigrants every year. "The steamship companies" ought to learn that Uncle Sam does not take everything they bring to the shores.

It is claimed that the call for the statement of condition of the National banks of the country was made for Saturday so as to put the banks in as unfavorable light as possible. That day being a half holiday the deposits are smaller than on any other day. This Administration seems to be constantly on the watch to put somebody or something in a hole.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles, now in London, but who has just returned from the Balkan battlefield, says that the number of troops engaged in many of the actions was as high as 400,000, while the casualties were higher than at the battles of Gettysburg or Waterloo. The General ought to be good authority as to man living in this country has seen more fighting than has General Miles.

The state of New Hampshire will bring suit against South Carolina to enforce the payment of \$50,000 repudiated bonds, a part of a bequest to New Hampshire State College. This seems to be something like the case Rhode Island had on its hands a few years ago with North Carolina repudiated bonds. It is time that the question was settled and those southern states that have repudiated their debts be made to settle up.

Prof. Alexander Graham Bell predicts that you one can go by airship from North America to Europe, by way of Newfoundland and Ireland, within 24 hours, the distance being less than 2000 miles, and recent aeroplane records being over 100 miles an hour. At high altitudes the speed will increase approximately according to diminution of density, while the speed of the machine will so condense air as to increase the supply of oxygen. This may be all right but give us a good ship on the water when we go.

The Massachusetts primary law is causing both candidates and voters much trouble. Under the law the state has to undergo the trouble of practically two elections each year. The campaign for nomination is more strenuous if anything than the campaign for election. The nomination for candidates for both parties comes off next month, and for a long time past the would-be office holders have been butt-holding the dear people for votes. On the Republican side three men are carrying on a hot campaign for the Governorship. Everett C. Benton who was defeated last year, began the day after to lay his plans for the coming year. G. F. Foss, who has been three times elected as a Democrat, has now come out a full-fledged Republican and is seeking signs all over the state, and now Congressman Gardner, Senator Lodge's anti-law, has thrown himself into the fight. There may yet be others. The beauty of this primary law is that the men seek the office. It was formerly, in theory at least, claimed that the office sought the man.

How About Newport?

The New Haven people send out the statement that "Contracts" have been signed and work is under way on three new stations on the Old Colony division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. These will be at Buzzard's Bay, East Bridgewater and Seaside. Work on the Buzzard's Bay and East Bridgewater stations is almost completed, while the construction of the new station at Seaside is about to commence.

Wonder if they have forgotten that Newport is still on the map and is one of the terminals of their lines? Furthermore have they forgotten the promise made many months ago that Newport should have a new station? We are a very patient people in Newport. We submit to treat any kind of treatment.

We have submitted for many years to a shed for a railroad station that is not only a disgrace to the city, but to the road which maintains it. The Company can build pretentious and ornamental stations for other places which are insignificant compared with Newport but they continue to give us the "go-by." There is a time when patience ceases to be a virtue.

The report the Company sends out goes on to say "These three stations will be essentially of the new order of station architecture, of artistic design and rather on the Spanish type, and as such will be in marked contrast to the structures of the old days. All of them will have landscape features which are intended to enhance their attractiveness. All of these stations will have hot water heat and electric lights, and will be as comfortable and convenient for the purposes of railroad travel as they are artistic."

These three utterly unimportant places compared with Newport can have all these fine things while Newporters and her thousands of visitors must still continue to feast their eyes on the Marlborough street cow shed.

Uncle Sam as Express Agent.

For the past eighteen months the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad Company has been engaged in making extensive improvements at Westerly, R. I. This work is now practically completed and the result has been a decided change in the main line between New York and Boston at this point.

One feature of the improvement scheme has been the elimination of a dangerous road crossing at this point. Besides this the curve of the road at this point has been lengthened, the tracks raised four feet, a new station, freight yard and freight house have been built and automatic electric signals installed.

In lengthening the curve at Westerly it was necessary to move the bridge over the Pawtucket River a distance of 125 feet. After the abutments had been completed the bridge was moved by brawlers without interrupting a single train. The Canal street crossing was eliminated by raising the tracks four feet and depressing the street to pass under them. A portion of this expense was shared by the city of Westerly.

The construction of a freight yard necessitated cutting down a hill, and the excavation of 15,000 cubic yards of material. The yard will have eight tracks and a freight house 50 by 250 feet. A seven track bridge over West street and a four track bridge over High street were part of the improvement.

The station at Westerly is strictly representative of the new type of station architecture adopted by the New Haven, a type which combines the practical with the artistic, and makes of the railroad station a decided landscape feature sure to harmonize with the City Beautifulides, about which so much is heard to-day.

The new station is 123 feet long and 49 feet wide, with granolithic train platform 750 feet long. These platforms contain open air shelters with seats in the style of country houses. The station is of stucco with a four-foot brick base and has a roof of Spanish red tile with open timber cornices. The main entrance is in the form of a portico with stone granite columns and arches. The interior has a hard wood trim and the waiting and toilet rooms have promenade floors. A circular drive way with flower beds completes the landscape feature.

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

At the regular meeting of the Town Council on Monday afternoon communication was received from Governor Pothier, stating that complaint had been made to him in relation to gambling in the town, and asking the council to take such action as will stop it. The town sergeant was ordered to remove all slot machines.

The petition of the Providence Telephone Company for permission to trim trees on Wapping Road, Union street and West Main Road was granted, the work to be done under supervision of the highway surveyor, and with the consent of the abutting owners.

It was voted that the recommendation of State Record, Commissioner Brigham, to provide small fire extinguishers for the town clerk's office, and a tin case for loose papers in the vault, be carried into effect by the town clerk.

Voted that the Bay State Street Railway Co. be stopped at once from trimming trees and its petition asking for such privilege be refused.

On petition from the Bristol Ferry Improvement Association calling the attention of the council to the condition of the sidewalks George R. Hicks and Isaac L. Fish were appointed a committee to meet the Association.

It was voted that the town's note in the sum of \$2000 be approved, payable to the town treasurer.

Voted to meet Tuesday, September second, to revise the voting list. A number of bills were ordered paid.

In probate court the petition of Maud Dale, administratrix of the estate of Ella J. Fish, for permission to sell certain real estate at private sale, was referred to Sept. 8th.

The petition of Anna P. Murphy to be appointed administratrix of the estate of her mother, Margaret H. Murphy was referred to September 8th.

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The petition of William F. Brayton and Lucia L. Brayton, that Benjamin L. Dennis of Providence, be appointed guardian of the person and estate of Willard S. Clayton, person of sound mind, was allowed and bond required in the sum of \$1000 with Henry C. Anthony as surety and John J. Tallman, David B. Anthony and Sylvanus P. Fiske as appraisers.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis S. Simon gave a party Sunday in honor of the former's mother, Mrs. S. Anna Simon, whose birthday it was. It was a complete surprise to Mr. Simon. Supper was served and a social evening was spent. Miss Agnes Freeman, Miss Rose Freeman, Mr. Peter Duffy and Mr. Michael Fitzpatrick gave several musical selections.

Mrs. Edward B. Ayler and her daughter, Miss Alice Ayler have been attending the Smith Mills Camp meeting, and the end is not yet.

There is one state in which the peach crop has not been ruined. Missouri is boasting the largest crop in her history. Send some of them along this way. They are high enough here to indicate a peach famine the world over.

Patrick Cudahy, the great beefpacker, says that cheap meat is a thing of the past, and that even the free cattle provided for under the new tariff act will not bring back the old-time low prices.

In a New Hampshire town of 1000 inhabitants 200 have undergone operations for appendicitis. Good work for the doctors.

So far the direct Balkan war outlay is placed at \$1,250,000,000. The sick man of Europe is the most expensive of invalids.

Changes Made on the Shore Line.

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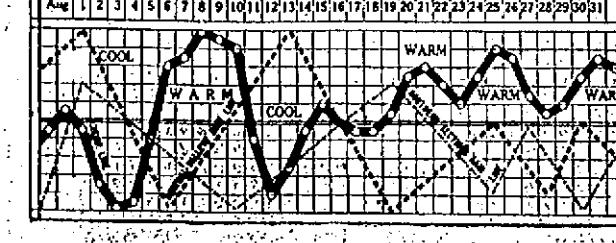
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WEATHER BULLETIN.



Temperature of August will average above normal east of Wickford and fall below a warm, dry month, not the best of corn crop weather. Cool, though usual west Rocky Ridge. Some severe weather but storm forces will be much less than in previous months. See weekly weather bulletin.

In above chart the steady line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The high line with round white spots is temperature forecast. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse. Dates are for Meridian 90. Count out or two days earlier for west of line and as much for east. It goes lower for a line move from west to east.

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Washington, D. C., Aug. 14, 1913.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Aug. 18 to 22, warm wave 17 to 21, cool wave 20 to 24. This storm wave will tend toward higher temperatures and, after weather just when the early crop will most need rain, but, as the old adage would say, it is a poor wind that blows nobody good. Dry, warm weather will be best for the spring wheat, country, both for maturing late crops and for threshing.

The July rains gradually progressed southward, giving some much needed moisture to the cotton states but we expect the heat and drought also to progress southward and that cotton will get similar damage, late in August, to that which corn received early in the month.

These bulletins will continue to give advice on buying and selling grain and cotton, planting and sowing all kinds of crops, the safest times for voyaging, the times of greatest danger from destructive storms, cold waves, deep snows and floods. Of course we can not always be correct but it will pay to follow our advice better than to follow your own unscientific guess.

Previously we have not been able to advise on the sowing of fall grain but we have overcome the difficulties and will be able to give valuable advice hereafter, particularly as to the winter grain in the plains states. When those farmers immediately east of the Rockies can be assured of a good wheat crop they will produce enough during good crop years to tide over the bad crop seasons.

This will cause warm, dry, weather, bad for cotton and late corn. The

mother has returned to his home in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Oscar Miller gave a musical recital to about 30 friends. The music was furnished by Prof. Verre of Paris, who is Mrs. Miller's guest. Prof. Verre is well known in musical circles in Paris, having been awarded the gold medal from the highest musical society in France.

Mr. William R. Hunter and Dr. F. P. Conway who have been spending the past two months in Europe will leave for home August 17th.

Portsmouth Gaiety celebrated "Children's Night" at Fais Theatre with moving pictures and recitations. Miss Alice Marshall and Miss Wilkie giving the recitations. Ice cream and cake were served in Fair Hall and there was dancing. About 150 were present.

Hon. and Mrs. Henry C. Anthony have been entertaining Mrs. Christiana Simon of Middletown.

Mrs. Ruth Bailey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bailey of New Bedford, has been visiting Miss Elizabeth Anthony.

The officers of the Newport County Agricultural Society have leased the two large lots north of the grounds for use at the Fair this Fall. One lot will be used as parking space for automobiles and carriages. It is planned to have a pony and dog show in a large tent on the grounds. The pens for sheep and swine are new and there are twice as many cattle sheds as formerly.

The remains of the late Julian Potter, who died this week, were brought to this city on Tuesday for interment in the church yard of the Berkeley Memorial Park. Mr. Potter was a son of the late Edward T. Potter, and his mother is spending the summer at her New York cottage.

Perry-Solomon himself admitted that he was puzzled by "the way of a man with a maid." Mrs. Perry-Well, he'd been more excited over the way of a maid with a new set of dishes. — Judge.

At Tiverton, Mass., Aug. 15, 1913, at the home of his mother, Mrs. J. C. Richards, John E. Bost, aged 28 years. The remains will be taken to Newport, R. I., Saturday, on the 18th inst.

At Dublin, N. H., 10th inst., Elizabeth Mary Sally Kitchen, aged 51 years.

At 13, Julian, late American Coast at Nassau, Bahamas, son of Julia Blatchford and Edward Potter.

At 14, Edward, 12th inst., William Gadsby, in his 65th year.

In Providence, 12th inst., John Weaver Dawson, in his 81st year.

At 15, John, 12th inst., John C. Cottontown.

At 16, John, 12th inst., John C. Cottontown.

At 17, John, 12th inst., John C. Cottontown.

At 18, John, 12th inst., John C. Cottontown.

At 19, John, 12th inst., John C. Cottontown.

At 20, John, 12th inst., John C. Cottontown.

At 21, John, 12th inst., John C. Cottontown.

At 22, John, 12th inst., John C. Cottontown.

At 23, John, 12th inst., John C. Cottontown.

At 24, John, 12th inst., John C. Cottontown.

At 25, John, 12th

RECESS OPPOSED BY PRESIDENT

Would Clear Way For Anti-Trust Legislation

INSISTS ON CURRENCY ACTION

Wilson Does Not Want Legislative Agreements Between Democrats and Republicans in Congress—Thinks Early Action on Tariff Necessary Regardless of Vacations

President Wilson informed Democratic senators that he is opposed to a recess of the senate between the time the tariff bill is passed and currency is taken up. He made it plain to them that he believes it the duty of the Democratic party to dispose of the tariff and currency during the present session of congress so that the December session may promptly take up anti-trust and other important legislation carrying out platform pledges. The president communicated his views through Secretary Tumulty, who got in touch with most of the Democratic senators and came to the conclusion that a substantial majority was in favor of immediate legislation and no recess. Incidentally the president took a strong position on the question of legislative agreements between Democrats and Republicans in congress. He believes that the Democrats, as the dominant party, should proceed with determination and not trade with the minority. The fact that Republican senators had informally agreed to speed up consideration of the tariff bill if a recess were assured after its passage, prompted the president to urge that business throughout the country demanded early action on the tariff regardless of whether any vacation or recess was promised in return.

An attempt by Senator Simmons, leader of the Democratic tariff forces, to arrange for a vote on the tariff bill in the senate Aug. 25, was blocked by Senator Gallinger, Republican leader.

Democrats refused to say whether they would insist upon taking up the currency bill "after tariff was completed" and Republicans refused to say whether they would filibuster against the tariff until assured that the currency bill would not be passed. Senators Simmons and James tried to get Senator Gallinger to tell the Republican plans, but he refused.

The debate led to an acrid discussion of the "secret caucus" by the Republicans and pointed references by the Democrats to former Senator Aldrich's leadership in the tariff fight of 1909.

Democratic senators were caucusing on the recess proposal at the time President Wilson's views were being made known. The caucus adjourned without getting to the question, because of an early meeting of the senate and because of time consumed in discussion of an unexpected resolution by Minority Leader Kerr to open the caucus to the public.

Kerr's motion was voted down; but it declared it would come up again with the question of recess and the whole question of legislative program. Senator James of Kentucky, who came directly from the White House to the caucus, outlined President Wilson's plan against recess or any of currency legislation.

"The president is opposed to any delay on currency," said Senator James. "I think the Democrats will give him unanimous support. A few who do not even represent the minority party are filibustering against the tariff and holding up progress. I am in favor not only of a continuous session but of a cloture rule that will cut off some of this filibustering and hold the senate down to business."

BYSTANDERS SHOT

Fighters Escape Injury but Are Arrested

Abbell Seccomi, 28 years old, and Antonio Rezzoli, 28 years old, are in the Framingham, Mass., hospital suffering from severe pistol wounds. They were shot as they stood in company with others and witnessed a desperate hand-to-hand pistol duel between two fellow countrymen for the possession of the revolver.

Second was shot in the right side and Rezzoli was shot in the abdomen. Anna Bronzetti and Frank Soppona were arrested. The former was held in \$1000 for the grand jury and the latter was released on \$300 bail.

ATTACK DOCKYARDS

Strikes in Genoa When Strikers and Workers Clash

Strikes scenes were enacted at Genoa, in the course of an attack on the headquarters of the non-strikers, who compose the majority of labor in this city. The strikers also attacked taxicab chauffeurs and street car employees who had continued at work.

An attempt was made to raid the government dockyards where several British war vessels are under construction.

A \$500 fire destroyed P. J. Riley's cotton warehouse on Tanner street, Lowell, Mass. The fire started from poker machines and ate through the entire.

Major General S. S. Casey, retired, a veteran of the Civil war, died at Warm Springs, Ga. His last active duty was as commander-in-chief of the Pacific fleet, which he relinquished to retire in 1903.

ALLEGED GRAFT BY MONTREAL POLICE

Investigation Being Made by Board of Control

As a result of an independent inquiry carried on under the auspices of an organization high in the councils of the board of control at Montreal, a police scandal is about to break. Affidavits have been obtained averring that certain members of the police force have been levying toll on vice under promise of protection. The inquiry, which is progressing in secret, has already involved twelve members of the force.

Affidavits have been prepared, it was said, alleging that these twelve members of the force made disorderly houses pay a price of protection. The men are charged also with forcing the proprietors of these places to give them free drinks. The men accused are said to include three detectives and several minor police officials. The affidavits are signed by private detectives employed by a committee of citizens.

DIPLOMATS ALARMED

Disagreement of Powers Over Balkan Peace Treaty Feared.

grave alarm is felt in diplomatic circles over the Balkan situation. It is feared that the existence of both the triple alliance and the triple entente is threatened.

Russia and Austria-Hungary, siding with Bulgaria, want that nation to be not too greatly despoiled and humbled, while Germany and France want the treaty of Bucharest to stand as it is. The Kaiser has honored King Charles of Roumania and King Constantine of Greece, and both Germany and France have expressed satisfaction with the treaty, while Russia and Austria-Hungary want it revised, and may put such a proposal up to the powers. Russia is dissatisfied with the attitude of France, her ally in the triple entente, and Germany is no less opposed to the attitude of Austria-Hungary, her ally in the triple alliance.

The powers also are not agreed as to the manner in which Turkey should be disciplined. The porte has positively refused to give up Adrianople, and the powers are jealous of any one power undertaking to coerce the Ottomans.

MORE OPIUM FOUND

Third Successful Raid in Providence in Few Months.

More than \$1000 worth of opium, manufactured and in the process authorities of Providence, R. I., in one of the most successful raids ever conducted in this state.

The place raided is located at 278 Fountain street, a stone's throw from the central police station and had evidently been in operation for a long time. William Lee, a Chinaman, was found in the house and was arrested as proprietor. He was at once arraigned before United States Commissioner Crofts and held in \$2500 for a hearing next Tuesday.

The raid was conducted by inspectors William J. Steepe and Owen J. McKenna, and Surveyor of Port Edward G. Graves. The inspectors found a complete equipment for the manufacture of opium on an extensive scale and asserted that the plant was capable of turning out \$3000 worth of the drug a day. The raid was the third conducted by the federal authorities here within the past few months.

FRAM TO BE FIRST

Will Lead the Way Through the Panama Canal

The whaler Fram, commanded by Captain Doggrid, is going to Colon with the intention of taking on board there Robert E. Peary and Captain Roald Amundsen, discoverers respectively of the North and South Poles, who will be the first to pass through the Panama canal on board ship.

Like the explorers, the Fram has made a name in polar exploration. It was the ship used by Nansen when he made his "farthest north" record of about ten years ago, and it will again enter the Arctic seas under Amundsen, who is to make a six years' investigation of the North Polar regions.

GENERAL NEWS EVENTS

Condensed Paragraphs of Happenings Around the World

When Henry Dietrich, of Hastings, N. Y., a raiser of blooded stock, went to his barn to find eighteen registered cows dead in a row. Lightning had run the entire length of a string of stalls, killing everything within. The barn was not damaged.

Lawrence Dwight of Weston, son of Theodore S. Dwight, United States consul at Vevey, Switz., was named by Senator Lodge as a principal for the West Point examinations.

"STRUCK IT RICH"

Special Representative Lind Has Large Iron Ore Land Holdings

John Lind, special representative in Mexico of President Wilson, has "struck it rich" on the Minas de Hierro range. Forty acres of rich ore land owned by Mr. Lind was leased to an iron company.

Royalties of 25 cents a ton, with a minimum of 30,000 tons, are provided. Twenty acres that have been drilled are said to show 4,000,000 tons of ore. A lease on the same land was cancelled by the United States Steel corporation a year ago.

FIGHT AGAINST IMPEACHMENT

Sulzer Will Carry Case to the Supreme Court

WILL FIGHT TO LAST DITCH

After All-Night Session Assembly Votes, Seventy-Nine to Forty-Five, to Oust Governor on Charge of "High Crimes and Misdemeanors"

First Time in History of New York

Formal notice of the impeachment of Governor Sulzer of New York, by the New York assembly was served on the senate when the upper body convened yesterday afternoon, and the second stage of Tammany's battle royal to remove the governor was on.

Two pairs of corsets and two hats from which all identification marks had been cut were in the room in which Martin was found murdered, with his hands tied behind him and rubber gas tubing and a towel stuffed into his mouth, giving the appearance of suicide.

Investigation disclosed the fact that two young men, one of whom represented that the girl was his wife and the other that the young man was his brother, rented the room on Aug. 7, and the landlord was going to order them to leave when he found Martin's body, partly dressed on the bed.

WAGE WAR ENDS

Official Statement Says It Is "Amicably Adjusted"

Following a series of conferences between the engineers and firemen of the Central Vermont railway and officials of the company, the officials gave out the following statement:

"The wage question between the Central Vermont Railway company and its engineers and firemen has been amicably adjusted."

Beyond this the officials declined to discuss the matter.

KANSAS WORKMEN QUIT

Not For Higher Pay But For Lower Temperature.

For the tenth consecutive day temperatures all over Missouri, Kansas and Oklahoma were close to the 100 mark. Light splashes of rain fell at one or two points, but these were of small value to withering vegetation and suffering mankind. In Kansas the record of a quarter of a century have been broken.

Several score of workmen on large buildings in Topeka put down their tools and announced they would do no more work until there came a change in the weather.

FOR INLAND WATERWAY

\$20,000,000 to Build Canal From Boston to Beaufort, N. C.

Expenditure in the immediate future of \$20,000,000 by congress to complete the inland waterway between Boston, Mass., and Beaufort, N. C., was recommended to the house by the general board of army engineers. Construction of a twelve-foot canal, ninety feet wide, is contemplated, with later improvement to a sea-level canal twenty-five feet deep.

That the government purchase the Chesapeake and Delaware canal for \$50,000,000 and that the states of New Jersey and Pennsylvania contribute \$3,000,000 and \$7,000,000, respectively toward the project between the Delaware river and New York bay are other recommendations.

ECZEMA ALMOST COVERED BODY

Commenced with Little Pimples, Itched and Burned So Scratched and Made Sores, Cross and Fretful, Could Not Sleep, Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured.

7 Hartwell St., Southbridge, Mass. —

"Our son commenced with little pimples all over his body. They said he had eczema.

The pimples looked like small insect bites and almost covered his body. They came to a head from which water would run. They itched and burned so badly that my son scratched them and made sores. His clothing irritated the eczema and he was cross and fretful. He could not sleep nights and would cry and say they burned and itched all the time.

"I tried — but it did not relieve him,

and some — but it seemed to make him worse.

I then used Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and the first night I used them he seemed to be so relieved he slept a little. I first washed the affected parts with Cuticura Soap and then applied Cuticura Ointment twice daily. At the end of the first week he was much better and at the end of the second week he was completely cured. Every mark was gone." (Signed) Mrs. W. B. Foster, Nov. 12, 1912.

For treating poor complexions, red, rough,

hands and dry, thin and falling hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have been the world's favorites for more than a generation. A single set is often sufficient. Sold everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

"Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp."

INCLINED TOWARD PEACE

President Huerta Will Adopt Conciliatory Attitude

Following the conference between Special American Envoy John Lind and Mexican Foreign Minister Manuel Gamboa, the belief prevailed at Mexico City, that President Huerta would adopt a conciliatory attitude against the United States, realizing the hopelessness of trying to combat the vast power of Mexico's big neighbor. Calles, at the national palace declared that in substance President Huerta had said:

"While Mexico resents interference even from a friendly power in her domestic affairs, nevertheless we do not feel that we are in any way being coerced by the United States. We will make further protest against efforts of Lind to settle affairs in this republic if he attempts to do so, but such action on our part will not be of a belligerent nature."

SOUGHT FOR MURDER

Girl and Two Young Men Suspected of Killing Martin.

A girl and two young men, the last persons to rent the room in which the dead body of William G. Martin, a wealthy milliner of Toronto, Canada, was found, are being sought by the New York police.

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AMERICANS ON
the Isthmusby E.W.
PICKARD

HOME OF ZONE AMERICANS

Colon, C. Z.—For the American resident of the Canal Zone life is not all beer and skittles. There is plenty of beer, but I have not seen a skittle here. Perhaps I would not have recognized one if I had seen it.

The American in a foreign land is not so tenacious of his home customs as is the Englishman, and in Panama he finds himself not only in a tropical climate but in the midst of a civilization much older than his own. Consequently he yields in many particulars to the customs of that climate and that civilization. The mid-day siesta of two hours, when he dresses and does in a cool room, the dip in the ocean before dinner and the evening stroll in the plaza all appeal to him as to the native and have become a part of his life there.

At the same time the index of northmen has had its effect on the Panamanians, especially, perhaps, in the matter of sports. Bullfights no longer are to be seen here and cock-fighting has suffered a marked decline. In place of them the native now enjoys frequent wrestling matches and prize fights, indulged in tennis to some extent and has taken kindly to the national American sport of baseball.

It's the American woman on whom the changed conditions of life bear hardest, for housekeeping on the Isthmus is attended by many annoyances. A good many people have the idea that a woman in the tropics lies in a hammock all day and at meal time picks her food from the branches of trees that shade her resting place. As a matter of fact she must do her house-hold shopping as at home, and the domestic problem is with her here as there, only more so if possible. For clothing and standard groceries she usually goes to the store of the commissary department, where she can buy well and cheaply. But for fruit and many of the vegetables there is the daily trip to the market. In that spacious building I am speaking now of Colon and Panama—are scores of booths and tables, attended by Jamaicans, Chinese and native Panamanians, and piled high with taro, breadfruit, soursops, guavas, papayas, bananas, plantains, alligator pears, mangos, oranges, coccoons and a dozen other tropical products. The layout is tempting, but the purchasing is a task. Such a thing as a fixed price is unknown and one must bargain diligently or get the worst of it. And the insolence of the negro women is often commensurate with their ignorance. The native meat market is quite "impossible" for whites people from the United States, for the meat, roughly hacked, is sold immediately after slaughtering, and the screening enforced by the American sanitary department is rendered ineffective by open floors.

The domestic servants employed by Americans in the zone are almost all Jamaican negroes. They are neat and clean, but their stupidity usually is monumental. Every detail of the household operations must be driven into their heads, and their minds seemingly are on the Island home they have left, for their memory is almost nil and their eyes see little close at hand. Then, too, after a year or so of service and saving they begin to think of returning to Jamaica and grow "weary."

"Why, Blanche," said one shocked housewife, "here it is eleven o'clock and the breakfast dishes and kitchen things not washed, and the ants all over them!"

"Oh, marm, I couldn't do them, I'm so exhausted this morning," was Blanche's reply.

That's a mild sample of what must be contended with.

Speaking of ants, there is another of the annoyances of housekeeping in the tropics. The ants are everywhere, in unbelievable numbers and most extraordinary activity. Screens do not keep them out nor insect exterminators discourage them. They must simply be endured. If they take a fancy to a nicely growing garden of young vegetables, they cut and carry off all the leaves in a night. It is the so-called leaf ant that does that. All over the isthmus he is to be seen, moving in processions along well beaten paths, each individual carrying a leaf or other bit of foliage. One day I saw a long line of them moving through the sparse turf, all carrying tiny red blossoms cut from a small weed. It was a very picturesque miniature parade. No place and no age has been free from the cockroach, and in Panama he grows to an enormous size and spends some of his time and energy eating the covers of bound books.

Rust and mould add to the woes of the American housekeeper, and many articles she must keep in "dry closets" in which electric lamps are kept burning.

There are not in Panama a great many of the old pure-blooded Spanish

families, whose members possess education and refinement, and those that are there are not especially fond of Americans. Consequently there is not much social intercourse between the two races. The social activities of the Americans have three general centers—the Tivoli club, the Washington Colliion club and the Young Men's Christian association. The first two are dance organizations and give balls, jesterly fortnights at the Tivoli hotel in Ancon and the Washington hotel in Colon. These affairs are quite formal and attract the best of the Americans from all parts of the zone.

As for the Y. M. C. A., its work on the Isthmus really deserves a chapter to itself, for it has been one of the big factors in the successful building of the canal. At first it was found impossible to persuade men from the United States to remain long on the Isthmus. The pay was good, the work interesting, but homesickness found easy victims and they resigned and went back to the States in discouraging numbers. Several remedies were tried, and finally the commission established a club-house in every town of any size and wisely put them in charge of the Y. M. C. A. In these houses are billiard rooms, bowling alleys, gymnasiums, soda fountains, libraries, lounging rooms and a dozen other conveniences, and each house has a hall large enough for dances and amateur dramatics and musical entertainments. The secretaries in charge have been exceedingly active in the organization of bowling, baseball, billiard and other leagues, and the tournaments are continuous and of great interest. Of course no intoxicating drinks are to be found in these clubs, but in other respects they are conducted on lines so liberal as to be sometimes surprising. In one of them, for instance, I saw a number of young men and women dancing in the ball, to the music of a phonograph, immediately after the close of the Sunday evening religious service. This may have been an exceptional case, as it was in one of the more isolated towns.

In Ancon, Cristobal and some others of the larger American towns flourishing women's clubs have been maintained, and these were united in a zone federation which dissolved only this year, feeling that its work was done with the virtual completion of the canal. The clubs have done a great deal in the way of philanthropy and study, and many social functions are given under their auspices.

As may readily be comprehended, life for Americans in the zone is much like life in an American suburb town, and it has some of the disadvantages of the latter. Gossip and social jealousies are prevalent here, as there, and not a few women have been driven back to the States by them. Disputes over promotions and the assignments of living quarters cause bitterness and estrangements, and of course there are innumerable complaints of undue influence—"pull"—in these matters. In some cases it must be admitted there has been cause for these complaints, and sad to say, often woman has been the cause. Her influence with certain of the high officials cannot be doubted, and sometimes it has results that are to be deplored.

Here is one instance of the power exerted by "pull." A man for some years has held a responsible position with the Panama Railroad company, and who has a wife, two daughters and a young son, has been waiting long for housekeeping quarters, which are at a premium. Two minor clerks of the railway had been attentive to the daughters, but, being objectionable to the father, were discouraged. But the clerks had some influential connections, and in revenge have so contrived things that the family in question has been passed by repeatedly in the assignment of housekeeping quarters. The father and son live in one building, the mother and daughters in another, and all must take their meals at the hotel.

Naturally, not many of the Americans on the Isthmus will remain there after the completion of the canal. A few of the doctors may engage in general practice there—some already have done so—and some of the workmen may find the tropic climate so to their liking that they will stay. But nearly all are looking rather eagerly to the time when they can return to the states. The engineers and physicians no doubt will find that the experience they have had will be invaluable to them in the getting of positions and practice when they come home. But to readjust themselves to the old conditions of living may not be easy for the men and women who have been in the zone for years.

Always.

When a man begins by saying: "I want to tell you a good joke on myself," you may be sure that he is going to try to make somebody appear ridiculous.

A man with Mollie features may have a Pittsburgh collector.

If She Really Meant It.

"I want a psalms that will be pretty large and easy," she said as she looked into her old one to find the number.

"In that case," he replied, "perhaps you had better step over into the new department."

KEEPING THE TABLE SUPPLIED

How New England Gets Strawberries

In February and Melons in May.

What the Railroads Have Done

To Accomplish This.

STRAWBERRIES in March, melons in May! Today this is the boast of no modern Lucifer, but the privilege of the many.

You may even eat fresh strawberries away up in northern New England in February. Today the New Englander can eat his cantaloupe and eat fresh vegetables with snow still on the ground. New potatoes when the own are being planted are to him no longer a dream. Fresh peaches on his table when his own trees are just through blossoming excite about as much curiosity in him as the bride's bouquet of roses in January. No longer does that strawberry patch out in his own garden mean his first taste of the hiscious fruits in June or July. It used to be so many years ago, but nowadays he has probably eaten quarts of berries long before his own have ripened.

All this has been brought about not by some agricultural wizard's work in our gardens, not by our meteorologists' work in studying the weather, but by the railroads. It is the result solely of the perfecting of our modern methods of transportation; the bringing up of our main steel highways of commerce to a standard not surpassed anywhere else in the world, enabling the traffic men and operating experts to work out fast freight schedules that today the New England table is but forty hours from southern farms.

There is no faster freight service in the world than that which carries strawberries to the New England table from the southland in two days. There is no such terminal yard anywhere as the great yard or yards at South Boston of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, where this fruit and early vegetables are received, bought and sold and distributed. As many as 300 carloads of strawberries are sometimes received there in a single day, and so quickly are they handled that one hour after they have entered the yard they are either being unloaded or are being sent out again to Portland or places even farther north where they can be eaten the next morning.

The celerity with which this most perishable of perishable freight is handled from the time it is put in the freight car in Florida, Georgia or Virginia until it has reached the market men scattered all over New England is probably not exceeded anywhere in this country. It represents years of study of painstaking work over rail road schedules, of the most effective



GATHERING EARLY BERRIES FOR NORTHERN SHIPS.

co-operation between the railroads and of the most scientific management so far as it relates to this phase of the railroad problem. It has created a new business in New England, a business that practically did not exist twenty years ago. It has made new markets and a new industry for many, has wiped out the enormous advantage which Philadelphia and New York once seemed to have over Boston and New England in this matter of table delicacies and the handling of the early southern produce.

In the business world time is counted by the business day. In the produce business it is counted by the market day, and the market day begins and ends practically between 6 and 7 a.m. Thanks to a development of a fast freight service for this kind of prod-

uce, Boston's market day is now the same as New York's, and Portland, Me., is but one market day later than Philadelphia. Today a carload of strawberries can make the journey between Norfolk and Boston in just thirty-six hours and a half.

Perishable freight is the bane of the railroad man's existence. He sometimes loses more sleep over it than he does over passengers. It involves problems not met with in most kinds of freight. It must be delivered in the quickest time possible, and in this connection the railroad, like the shippers and the commission men, must always reckon on the market day. The loss of one market day on perishable freight like strawberries often means the loss of the entire shipment. The failure of a railroad's freight schedule to insure delivery of this kind of freight for a certain market day may mean the loss to that railroad of this entire business; to the commission men and marketmen it means so much less business to get returns from. On the other hand, the ability of the three experts and the traffic men to knock off half an hour even on the running time of a freight train may mean to the road thousands of dollars of new business and for the commission men may open up a brand new line of trade. For years men have worked over these freight train schedules trying to lop off precious minutes of time in the yards, in the stops en route and in the delivery. Always their aim has been in the case of New England to get table luxuries, such as early strawberries, melons and peaches, into Boston by the second market day.

There is no more perishable produce than strawberries, and next to them comes fish. The New England railroads must bring the first into New England and carry the second out.

In the case of berries it is absolutely essential that they be consumed within

seventy-two hours from the time they are picked for them to command a price that will make the business worth while. When one considers that these early berries are picked in Virginia, and points farther south the problem confronting the New England railroads in getting them on the New Englander's table within this limit of seventy-two hours is thus seen to be a big one. If a carload of strawberries consigned to a New England produce merchant misses a market day at the South Boston yard it means usually a depreciation of at least 5 cents on every box; on melons it means probably a cent apiece. That may not seem much, but in the aggregate it is enough frequently to wipe out the profit on an entire shipment.

In order to make a market day, with this kind of freight, the railroad must get it into Boston, say, between the hours of 2 a.m. and 6 a.m. The market day begins promptly at 6 a.m. That is the hour when the big bell rings out in the perishable freight yard and there begins a scene of activity among the marketmen. When this bell rings the cars must be ready to open so that their contents can be inspected and sampled and the fruit or vegetables sold right as they stand in the car. Ten minutes after this bell rings the contents of the train

may be on the way to the market. This hour of 6 a.m., then, is the goal upon which the eye of the operating man and the traffic man in the railroad organization is fixed. It is the hour they must make, not one day, but every day, or lose the business. Down in Virginia, through Maryland and Delaware, a freight train loaded with the luscious early berries of southern plantations, the first to feel the vitalizing effect of the spring sunshine, may be rushing through the night toward this goal with the speed of a passenger train. The engineer has this goal in mind, the yardmen along the route have it in mind, and up in the railroad offices the operating men have it in mind too. Like the man with the ball in the football game, these men are all working to put the train with its produce over the goal line before the big bell in the Boston yard rings out as a signal for the market men that another market day has begun.

New England has not always enjoyed the privilege of having strawberries in February or even melons in May. It was not many years ago that the average householder had to rely chiefly on his local fruits and vegetables. He waited until July for his strawberries. His melons and peaches he got later. Vegetables out of season were rare. This was when New England, by the then means of transportation, was many market days away from the south. These were the days of intensive railroads, as Mr. Brandeis would probably call them, short railroads connecting with one another, but operated separately and involving many transfer points. When freight has to go over several railroads operated on the intensive principle it is bound to suffer delays. Between Boston and New York there were the New Haven, the old Stonington road and the Bos-

ton and Providence, over which such freight had to travel. Even in the early days of consolidation there was still much time consumed because the old freight transfer points were retained. Boston and northern New England were not entirely without early produce, but owing to the slow schedules and delays the business was a hazardous one for commission men. In these days the bulk of the southern fruit and vegetables was put on a boat at Norfolk and rushed by sea to Boston. Some of it went by rail to New York and thence by the old Stonington line to Boston. The sea was able to afford the better service for the most part. The boats from Norfolk made the third market day and sometimes not that. The Stonington line made possible a noon delivery on the second day, but while this enabled some large consumers, such as hotels, in Boston to serve fresh fruit at the dinner hour the gen-

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FEBRUARY STRAWBERRIES IN NEW ENGLAND.

eral consumer had to wait until the third day, while the depreciation went on.

In 1896 the first fast freight service was inaugurated, but it was not all that it ought to be until about four years ago.

At that time the New Haven road's officials got together with those of the Pennsylvania and decided to work out a schedule which would land the stuff from the southern farms in Boston in ample time for the second market day, counting from the time of its shipment. It was to be a schedule which would stand up under heavy service and be such as to warrant the commission men to increase their orders. The Pennsylvania put on several new trains, and a quick transfer was arranged for around New York.

In all about five trains are now required in the busy season to bring this produce from the south. The cars are picked up all over Virginia and even south of there and most of them are collected at Norfolk. There the Pennsylvania makes up a train, known as H. 10, in one or more sections, and starts it north at noon. This train reaches the Jersey City yards of the Pennsylvania at 10 a.m. the next day. There it is broken up and the cars rushed to the New Haven transfer foot, which are taken around the East river and through Hell Gate by the most powerful tugs in New York harbor. In the great Harlem river yards it is "classified" again. It starts on its way to Boston at 3 p.m., making stops at New Haven, Providence, Mansfield and Readville to drop off cars. The old arriving time of this train was 2:30 a.m. in Boston, but thirty minutes have been cut off this in the last year. Frequently it comes into the South Boston yard at 1:30 a.m. Thirty-five cars is about the limit of a freight train. When 250 carloads of berries alone are coming up from the south in one day obviously this train can't take them all, though it runs in several sections. For the later sections of the Pennsylvania's train bringing up the berries the New Haven has still a faster train ready.

This train leaves the Harlem river yards at 7:25 p.m. and gets to Boston at 4 a.m. It also makes stops on the way where cars have to be dropped for mid-way points. All this takes time, so that the speed between these stops must of necessity be that of a fast passenger train.

These are the two great berry express trains of New England. With the Pennsylvania's trains they form the route over which daily passes the out of season fruit to which we are now so accustomed.

Though this stream of farm produce runs practically all of the year, it is subject to many changes. When Feb-

Strange Case.

"What is a habit?" said the doctor.

"That binds the struggling spirit to the earth;

A hampering weight that clogs

aspiring worth

And makes its brightest visions

all in vain:

A blighting pall whose midnight

depths darken

And quench each glowing fervor

at its birth:

A serpent coil within whose won-

strous birth

Is crushed each noblest impulse

of the train.

What is a habit?" said a silver

thread.

That links the soul to possibility;

A magic stone that turns the

hieroglyph

Of evil bent to golden tendency;

A precious stepping stone from

low to high;

A Jacob's ladder stretching to

the sky.

—J. Forsyth Smith in *Nautica*.

A One-man Job.

From Out of the Past.

Miss Carney walked up the long green lane on her way home from a tea. She wore a brown silk dress and a brown bonnet, and carried a large brown purse in her hand.

The browns were of different shades, and ran softly into each other like the lines upon a dove. All the lines of her figure were smooth and rounded.

She was a very pretty old lady, indeed, and must have been a very pretty girl, though she was a spinster, and people who believed that all unmarried women were left upon the boughs of single blessedness because they tempted nobody to pluck them must have owned that it could not be so to her case.

Down the lane coming toward her walked a gentleman. He was tall and broad, his hair was gray, his hat was gray, and his summer suit was gray; his beard was gray also. He oddly enough, was softly shaded off like another sort of dove.

The green trees were all about them both, the green grass benefits their feet. The rose nodded over the fence. If these had been two young people instead of two elderly ones, one might have fancied it a lover's rendezvous; but, of course, there could be no romance about them.

In the middle of the lane, shaded by great chestnut trees, stood an old house. Honey-suckles draped the porch, and there was an old-fashioned well in the garden.

It was altogether a thing of the past—poor modern cottage of architectural mystery. It was so old-fashioned that it must have been the same when these two people were young. Yes, when their parents were born doubtless it stood, by no means a new house, just as it stood now.

This pretty little abode in brown reached the gate of this house. Here he lifted the latch and stood looking down the road, thinking it must be that the handsome gentleman in gray had lost his way and would inquire of her concerning it; for the lane was no thoroughfare because of a fence and a sign with "All Persons are Forbidden to Trespass Upon These Grounds" nailed upon it.

The lady's father had put up the sign the day after a peddler had stoled all his pearls. No neighbor inclined it, but strangers did. So he waited courteously to tell the newcomer that he might take the shortcut through the orchard, if he chose.

"He walks like somebody I know, Who can it be?" he asked herself. Then she suddenly blushed, and looked prettier than ever. Yes, certainly, it could not be because she often used to pluck her hair that she remained a faded rose upon the parent branch—Miss Carney still, not Mrs. Anybody.

On came the gentleman in his gray coat, and as he looked at the little lady he lifted his hat.

"Madam," he said, "this is where Mr. Edwin Carney used to live, I know. Does he live here now?"

The lady looked at him with a suddenly start.

"Oh!" she cried quickly, then added: "No, he does not."

"He is—" began the gentleman.

"It is his tombstone that you can see under the great willow in the highest part of the churchyard," she said, pointing through the trees. "He was so when he died."

"True like fast," remarked the old gentleman.

"Pearly fast," sighed she.

She was not looking at him now, but at the flowers in the border at her feet.

"Mr. Carney was a widower when I knew him, and had but one child—a daughter," said the gentleman in gray. "She is living, is she not?"

"Yes."

"But she cannot be Miss Carney still," he said questioningly.

"But she is," said the little lady, and looked him in the face again. Their eyes met. Hers were brown and his were gray.

"People alter out of knowledge in 40 years," said she: "and bow on earth I come to recognize you I don't know, for you look like your own grandfather, Martin Turner."

"Ask me to walk in there, Miss Carney," said he, "for I ought to be more weary than I used to become on the same road a lifetime ago, coming from the mill, you remember, Friday, every Sunday-evening?"

"Did you?" she said, preluding to forget. "Oh, yes, of course, I'll ask you to walk in, Mr. Turner."

She turned, and so followed her.

They sat down in the front room—out on its side of the polished floor. It was between the windows, hung the looking-glass with its narrow, gilt frame. A bookcase filled the recesses. On the mantel were artificial flowers under glass.

There was the as yet still soft with the black cushion like a slice of fluted column; there were the six chairs to poison, and the claw-footed sideboard. There had been no children to break or scatter tulips. All was the same as when he left it and saw Miss Carney standing to the left of the door, with her long black hair in curly bouffant shoulder, and a blue ribbon round her slim golden waist.

Now he looked more closely at her, and though she was older and stronger, somehow she seemed to be nobody else but Miss Carney.

She was still looking from the fur-turors to her face, and interpreted his thought.

"Yes," she said, almost angrily, "is it not strange? There are too bits of wood and glass and china, just as they used to be. There are the oak trees, only bare and greenish. The very grass and flowers might be the same; and her hair, old, faded and loveliness, and my Martin, bright-eyed father dead in his grave and all care for gone. I wish I were gone, also. I think people who have not seen each other for 40 years need not seek to see each other again. I wish they would not come to me after being all the same as dead for so long. It is precisely like seeing ghosts." She looked as though she wanted to cry.

"Old ghost," he said softly, "we all know no one wants to see—not even those who promised to remember them forever."

"Forty years is much worse than forty years in a month worse than a month ago."

"Yes it is," said he, "but it is a good age enough for all that. By the way, do you like ghost stories? Let me tell you one."

She did not reply, and he began: "There was a ghost—now I think of it, he wasn't always a ghost. He was a boy—the son of a miller, I think, and was floaty and white, as if he should be most of the time, but he was happy and gay, and many things happened that he liked. One of these was when a certain rice farmer in the neighborhood came to the mill,

and he was a ghost—now I think of it, he wasn't always a ghost. He was a boy—the son of a miller, I think, and was floaty and white, as if he should be most of the time, but he was happy and gay, and many things happened that he liked. One of these was when a certain rice farmer in the neighborhood came to the mill,

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